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THE WORLD NEEDED A NEW SUPERMAN—
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NEW SUPER-MAN

超人

#1

THE NEXT EPIC STARTS HERE!

WRITTEN BY
GENE LUEN YANG

ART BY
VIKTOR BOGDANOVIC

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MONTHLY BEGINNING IN JULY

DC UNIVERSE REBIRTH

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I'M GOIN' TO A PARTY...

...DRESSED UP NICE...

...GOT MY INVITATION...

...SOMETHING SOMETHING SLICE!

MS. QUINN

HEY, KIDS! THESE EVENTS TAKE PLACE **BEFORE** DICK'S...NO, WAIT, **AFTER** THE...HUH. YOU KNOW WHAT? DOESN'T MATTER! LAST ISSUE! JUST HAVE FUN! –TAY

ROOM 237. LOVE THE STYLE. TERRIBLE PART OF TOWN, THOUGH. I SHOULD ***PROBABLY*** KNOCK.

237

BUT I ***DID*** JUST GET MY NAILS DONE, SO...

23

KICK!

WHO IS AGENT 37?

STORY / JACKSON LANZING & COLLIN KELLY INTERSTITIALS ART / ROGE ANTONIO INTERSTITIALS COLORS / JEROMY COX
LETTERER / CARLOS M. MANGUAL COVER / MIKEL JANÍN
EDITOR / REBECCA TAYLOR GROUP EDITOR / MARK DOYLE

YIKES! I THOUGHT THIS WAS A PARTY, NOT A MEETING OF THE *BROODING BOYS BRIGADE!*

JOHN CONSTANTINE. Wizard. Like a very sexy, very angry Gandalf.

AZRAEL. Cyberpunk Holy Warrior. Pretty bad at small talk.

SIMON BAZ. Green Lantern of Earth. Has so many better things to do.

HARLEY QUINN. Not exactly used to this crowd.

I DON'T EVEN SEE THE *PUNCH AND PIE* I WAS PROMISED!

YOU'RE *JOKER'S* OLD BINT, RIGHT? MIGHT HAVE A *PUNCH* FOR YOU, BUT *PIE*? 'FRAID THAT'S A PASS, LOVE.

THAT'S *IT.* I'VE BEEN SITTING AROUND THIS FLOPHOUSE WAITING FOR *ANSWERS* AND IT TURNS OUT WE WERE JUST WAITING ON THE *CRAZIEST GIRL IN GOTHAM.* I'M *GONE.*

I AIN'T THE ONE YOU'RE WAITING FOR, LUCHA*DORK.*

I GOT THE LETTER JUST LIKE YOU, SO WHY DON'T YOU SLOW YOUR ROLL AND TELL ME WHAT THE *HELLO* IS GOING ON?

THE SUMMONER APPROACHES.

WE SHALL *SOON FIND OUT.*

CREEEEEK

JAMES *BLOODY* CORRIGAN.

STAND DOWN, JOHN. I'M NOT HERE TO HURT YOU.

YOU THINK YOU'RE A THREAT HERE, RON WEASLEY?

DETECTIVE JIM CORRIGAN. Gotham PD. Sometimes known as THE SPECTRE.

RESPECT, LANTERN. HE MAY BE A PASTY GIT, BUT THE DETECTIVE HERE'S GOT A BIT OF A COSMIC SIDE. AND *THAT* GUY IS *SEVERAL DIFFERENT LEVELS* OF *BAD NEWS.*

Uh, I GOT A PERSONAL *NO COPS WHO ARE ALSO SUPERNATURAL WEIRDOS* POLICY, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--

SIT DOWN, *QUINN.*

I'VE ASKED YOU HERE BECAUSE THERE'S A MAN WHO YOU'VE ALL MET, AND YET YOU CANNOT REMEMBER HIS FACE.

THIS MAN IS AN AGENT OF THE DANGEROUS CLANDESTINE ORGANIZATION *SPYRAL*, GOING BY THE NUMBER *37.*

HE'S CHANGING THE PLAYING FIELD. IN GOTHAM. IN THE NATION. AROUND THE WORLD. AND THERE ARE CERTAIN...*POWERS*... THAT WOULD LIKE THIS MYSTERY SOLVED.

JOHN. YOU KNOW THE FIGURE I'M TALKING ABOUT?

I DO.

I'M HERE FOR YOUR RECOLLECTIONS. WHY DON'T YOU BEGIN?

FINE.

BUT ONLY BECAUSE THIS STORY IS ⛤⛤⛤⛤ *FANTASTIC.*

"THE MOON WAS *FULL.* THE MOORS WERE *BRILLIANT.*

"I WAS HAVING A *TRULY LIBERATING* MOMENT.

THE CHARMER

ART BY NATASHA ALTERICI

"BUT DEMONOLOGICAL EMERGENCIES WAIT FOR NO MAN.

ZIIIIIP

"SOME *LOCAL LADS* HAD *GONE MISSING.*

"RUMORS HAD REACHED ME AS FAR AS NEW YORK CITY. RUMORS WITH *POCKETBOOKS.*

"ONE DAY OF TRACKING THE ARCANE SCENT, AND I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF *DARK HELL* I WAS MESSING WITH.

"FOR ALL THEIR SELF-AGGRANDIZING MYSTERY THEATER BOLLOCKS, *VAMPIRES* ARE SHOCKINGLY EASY TO PROFILE.

"I HAD IT *ALL* UNDER CONTROL. WALK IN THE BLOODY PARK.

"BUT I DIDN'T ACCOUNT FOR *HIM.*"

"I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN I COULDN'T ***SEE HIS FACE.*** THEN AGAIN, THE DANGER OF THE SITUATION, THE ENORMOUS PRESSURE OF ENCOUNTERING FOUR SIMULTANEOUS VAMPIRES--

"--OH WHO AM I KIDDING. I WAS DISTRACTED BY HIS BUTT. HELL, IF I WAS A VAMP, I'D BITE HIM, TOO.

"I HAD MINUTES, MAYBE LESS, BEFORE THAT BEEFCAKE BECAME A BODY BAG.

THEY'VE CAST SHARDIK'S CRYSTAL WALL? VAMPIRES WITH SPELL BOOKS? BOLLOCKS TO THAT...

"SO I TRUSTED MY GUT.

"BIG MISTAKE."

UGH!

DREAM NOT OF FREEDOM, PRECIOUS ONE. WE ARE INSIDE YOUR MIIIIND...

YESSSS. GIVE YOURSELF TO OUR ***DESIRE.***

SLICE

"VAMPS HAD CAST A LITTLE MORE THAN A ⛧⛧⛧ CRYSTAL WALL. IT WAS GOING TO TAKE ME TIME TO CRACK. KID WAS DONE FOR."

SORRY, MATE. BUT ALL THINGS CONSIDERED?

THAT'S ***NOT A BAD*** WAY TO GO.

MMMMHHHHH.

OOOOHHHH...

YOU ARE **OURS**, STRANGER...

IS HE SWEET, MY WIFE-DAUGHTERS?

IS HE LUSCIOUS?

HSSSS.

I WILL TASTE HIS HEAT.

"LOOK, I'M NOT ONE OF YOU 'HEROES.' WHEN ***CONSTANTINE*** IS ON THE JOB, SOMETIMES THE JOB ONLY GETS DONE BY ***HALF.*** INNOCENT PEOPLE DIE, WHICH I ADMIT ***IS THE WORST***, BUT THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH ONE INCREDIBLY HANDSOME MAN CAN DO.

"THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE CASES. THE VICTIM? ***DEAD.*** ME? JUST A LITTLE ***TOO SLOW.***"

"BUT I FOR DAMN SURE WASN'T GOING TO LET THE BLOODY BLOOD-SUCKERS GET AWAY WITH IT."

OY, DRACU-*LA-DEE-DA* AND THE *YOU SUCK*-UBI.

YOU LIKE THAT ***DARK AND STORMY?*** YOU'RE GOING TO ***LOVE*** THE ***BLOND.***

YOU SMELL LIKE A TAP ROOM FLOOR.

WHY WOULD WE HAVE THE MUTTON, WHEN WE JUST HAD SPOTTED DICK?

WAITAMINUTE...

...HOW'D YOU GUESS MY ***NAME?***

YOU MIGHT *BE* ALL-POWERFUL IMMORTALS, BUT YOU *ACT* LIKE HORMONAL TEENS.

YOU SAW THE MUSCLES AND THE SKIN. DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO WONDER WHY YOU COULDN'T MAKE OUT MY FACE?

IT'S CALLED *HYPNOS.* BASICALLY, A COLONY OF TINY MICROSCOPIC NANOTECH SPIDERS THAT LIVE IN MY BLOOD.

WHICH MEANS, NOW? THEY LIVE IN *YOU.*

"HELIOS."

AAAAAAAHHHHHH

THANK YOU FOR SUCH A *LUSCIOUS*...LAST... MEAL...

HAPPY TO OBLIGE, GRAMPS.

ALL RIGHT, THAT WAS SOME BEAUTIFUL BRUTALITY FOR A MOSTLY NAKED GENT IN A NEST OF VAMPIRES. WHAT ARE YOU?

WHO, ME?

JUST SOME GUY.

DON'T BE COY WITH ME, I'VE COYED WITH THE BEST OF 'EM. YOU FREELANCE?

MORE OF A KEPT MAN. HAD A MISSION, DID THE MISSION.

SO YOU'RE ***S.H.A.D.E.*** PITY. YOU'RE DAMNED HANDSOME FOR A FRANKENSTEIN.

YOU MAKE A LOT OF ASSUMPTIONS, DON'T YOU, ***JOHN CONSTANTINE?*** HOW'S THAT WORKING OUT FOR YOU?

Ugh. YOU'VE HEARD OF ME. THERE GOES MY COOL FACTOR.

WELL, IF YOU KNOW MY WAYS, THEN YOU'LL KNOW THAT I'M NOT A MAN WHO TAKES BEING ROBBED LIGHTLY. AND YOU? YOU JUST ROBBED ME OF MY ***SATISFACTION.***

I'D LIKE TO KNOW, HOW EXACTLY DO YOU PLAN TO MAKE IT UP TO ME NEXT TIME?

THERE YOU GO AGAIN. ASSUMING THERE'LL BE A NEXT TIME.

MATRON? ONE FOR PICK- UP.

...

"SO THAT'S MY STORY."

AND THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN TURN THIS LITTLE SHINDIG INTO SOMETHING OTHER THAN A ***COLOSSAL*** WASTE OF MY TIME IS IF YOU WERE TO TELL ME THAT "***NEXT TIME***" IS ***TODAY.***

AND IF ***THAT*** IS THE CASE, I HOPE YOU'RE ALL OVER EIGHTEEN, BECAUSE THIS IS GOING TO GET ADULT-RATED ***VERY*** FAST.

TAKE A SHOWER, JOHN.

AZRAEL. YOU WERE LISTENING?

I WAS. I KNOW BETTER THAN TO IGNORE WORDS SPOKEN IN YOUR PRESENCE.

DON'T THINK WE'VE MET. FACT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A RUMOR UNTIL--

NOT YOU. YOUR OTHER FACE. ***THE SPECTRE.***

I HAVE SEEN HIM IN MY DREAMS. MY FAITH, WE HAVE A NAME FOR HIM. ***AEON.*** ASPECT OF THE PLEROMA. DUALITY OF THE CHRISTOS.

FOR ***HIM***, I WILL TELL MY STORY.

OKAY, THERE MIGHT NOT BE ANY ***PUNCH***, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE ***HE*** DRANK THE ***KOOL-AID.***

THE STORY OF ***ALMANQIDH MAJHULI ALHUIA.***

THE SAVIOR

PENCILS & INKS BY CHRISTIAN DUCE

COLORS BY MAT LOPES

"THE DRY WINDS OF THE KAHNDAQ FRONTIER HAD NEVER FLOWED STRONGER.

"BUT WHILE MY PEOPLE AND I SAW THOSE EVIL WINDS AS AN OMEN, ANOTHER FORCE SAW THEM AS AN *OPPORTUNITY.*

"IT WAS IN THIS WAY THAT THE MAN KNOWN AS *AGENT 37* FOUND HIS WAY TO THE SMALL REFUGEE VILLAGE OF *KHORTAMOR.*

"TO STEAL AWAY FROM THESE PEOPLE THEIR HOLIEST RELIC, THE *ABRAXAS STONE.* A CONDUIT OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE REALMS OF THE PLEROMA.

"A DIRECT LINE TO HEAVEN. MANY SOUGHT ITS POWER.

"AND LIKE ALL THAT HAD TRIED TO TAKE IT BEFORE HIM, AGENT 37 FOUND THAT KHORTAMOR WAS *NOT* HELPLESS..."

"...IT WAS *PROTECTED.*"

THIS LAND IS *YOURS,* MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS! FIGHT FOR TRUTH AND KNOW WE WILL PREVAIL!

BUT THERE ARE SO MANY!

NUMBERS MEAN NOTHING IN THE FACE OF *RIGHTEOUS-NESS.*

"THE PEOPLE OF KHORTAMOR WERE FATHERS. MOTHERS. CHILDREN. ALL DISPLACED BY THE ENCROACHING TIDE OF *SAINT DUMAS.*

"THE WAR WE FOUGHT WAS A HOLY ONE, BUT ALSO A *LOSING* ONE."

MATRON, I HAVE EYES ON THE *ABRAXAS STONE.*

YOUR INTEL WAS RIGHT ON, THIS PLACE IS A WAR ZONE. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO EXTRACT WITHOUT ALERTING EITHER SIDE.

LESS TALK, MORE ACTION, 37.

"HE COULD HAVE TAKEN IT EASILY. LEFT US TO DIE.

"AND WE WOULD HAVE.

"AND *YET.*"

THE ORDER OF SAINT DUMAS, RIGHT?

HEARD ABOUT YOU GUYS FROM SOME FRIENDS OF MINE! RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASTS WITH A VERY ***MESSED-UP*** MORAL CODE.

LOOKS LIKE THEIR DESCRIPTION WAS RIGHT ON THE MONEY.

I KNOW NOT WHO YOU ARE, FACELESS STRANGER, BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING.

THIS ISN'T YOUR FIGHT.

HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, TALL-DARK-AND-AZRAEL...

...NOT ONLY HAVE WE MET BEFORE, BUT WHEN THIS MANY ***INNOCENT*** LIVES ARE AT STAKE?

IT ABSOLUTELY ***IS*** MY FIGHT.

GIVE ME YOUR SWORD.

NO.

GIVE ME YOUR SWORD, *PLEASE?*

NEVER. THIS BLADE WAS FORGED BY THE GREATEST WEAPONS FORGE IN THE SECRET CITY OF GNOSIS--

PERFECT.

THEN IT SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH FOR *THIS* TO *WORK.*

SHUNK

YES! I SEE IT!

THEN GET IT DONE, *LAWRENCE OF ARABIA*--I ONLY KNOW SO MANY DIFFERENT KINDS OF FLIPS!

HEAR ME, DUMAS! THE ABRAXAS STONE WILL *NEVER* BE YOURS!

IT WILL REMAIN HERE, WITH ITS PROTECTORS! WE ALONE WILL KNOW THE WILL OF HEAVEN...

...AND YOU WILL KNOW ONLY *ITS WRATH!*

"AND SO IT *WAS.*

"A TWO-MAN WAR.

"A BATTLE NOT SEEN IN THOSE LANDS SINCE THE DAYS OF TETH-ADAM.

"A FIGHT TO MAKE THE ARCHON WEEP OCEANS.

"AND A *VICTORY* TO MAKE THE PLEROMA SING."

WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR FIGHT, BUT I KNOW WHY YOU TRULY CAME HERE.

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR FACE, BUT I CAN SEE THE TRUTH OF YOU. *SPY.*

YOU'RE NOT WRONG. I WAS SENT FOR YOUR STONE.

TOO BAD IT DIDN'T *SURVIVE* THE BATTLE.

"AS THE DRY WINDS OF KAHNDAQ CEASED THEIR ASSAULT, THE MAN KNOWN AS *AGENT 37* WALKED BACK INTO THE DESERT FROM WHENCE HE CAME.

"I WATCHED HIM UNTIL THE HORIZON SWALLOWED HIS FIGURE IN DUST AND SKY.

"MY PEOPLE MUTTERED A NAME FOR HIM. *ALMANQIDH MAJHULI ALHUIA.* 'THE FACELESS SAVIOR.'

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DESTROY OUR QUEST...

"...BUT INSTEAD HELPED US REVIVE IT.

"THE SELFISH MAN WHO ACTED WITH SELFLESSNESS.

"THE LIAR WHO HELPED LEAD US TO *TRUTH.*"

I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN. I KNOW NOTHING MORE OF AGENT 37.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR *TRUTH*, JEAN-PAUL.

IS IT MY TURN?

AFTER THAT HEAVY BIBLE PSALM, I *SERIOUSLY* THINK IT SHOULD BE MY TURN.

DID THE STRANGER HELP YOU ALONG YOUR PATH TO UNDERSTAND YOUR PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE, AS HE DID ME?

NO.

WELL, YES, ACTUALLY, A LITTLE BIT.

I UNDERSTAND YOU CROSSED PATHS IN NEW YORK, HARLEY. AT SOME KIND OF...EVENT?

YEAH.

BUT *PATHS* WEREN'T THE ONLY THING WE *CROSSED*.

WINK!

"IT WAS THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY FOR THE THIRD DAY IN A ROW. ALL PRETTY-BOY INVESTMENT BANKERS AND BROOKLYN SOCIALITES FAKIN' THEY COULD SHAKE LIKE BEYONCÉ.

"BASICALLY, IT WAS THE KIND OF BASH THAT MAKES YA WANNA BASH YER OWN BRAINS IN!

THE GYMNAST

PENCILS & INKS BY FLAVIANO
COLORS BY JEROMY COX

"BUT I HAD MY EYE ON SOMETHIN' ELSE. SOMETHIN' ***SECRET.***

"AND I WASN'T THE ***ONLY*** ONE.

"HIS SUIT FIT TOO GOOD, HE MOVED THROUGH THE CROWD LIKE CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST...

"...AND HIS ***FACE*** WAS A FREAKIN' ***SPIRAL.***

"SO THAT SET OFF SOME ALARMS.

"I KNOW FROM ***CREEPS***, AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GOT ONE CHECKIN' OUT YOUR TAIL.

"STEP ONE: GET TO CHECKING OUT ***THEIR*** TAIL. AND STEP TWO..."

...SURPRISE!

YOINK

SORRY TA GET SO IMPATIENT, SWEETIE, BUT I JUST *HADTA* GET YA ALONE!

SEE, I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING HERE, BUT THIS SCORE'S *MINE.*

SORRY, BUT THE LAST PLACE...

...THIS SCORE IS GOING...

...IS WITH *YOU*, HARLEY.

ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING *WHERE* IT COMES FROM.

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC.

CLICK!

LOOK, YA CREEPER WANNABE. THE HIPSTER PUTZ THAT RUNS THIS PLACE IS ONE A' THE BIGGEST COLLECTORS OF *SUPER-VILLAIN MEMORABILIA* IN THE WORLD. KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

HIS OBSESSIONS ARE TREMENDOUSLY UNHEALTHY?

HIS *SECURITY* IS THE BEST START-UP MONEY CAN BUY.

AND I'VE BEEN CASIN' THIS JOINT FROM THE DANCE FLOOR FOR THREE DAYS!

I DON'T WANNA *USE* THE STUPID THING, JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE *ELSE* DOES.

I'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF, JUST ASK *THE BAT!*

SO MAYBE STOP WITH THE FLIP-AND-QUIP AND START THINKING HOW WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO *WORK TOGETHER.*

...

YOU CAN CALL ME *AGENT 37.*

HARLEY.

DOCTOR QUINN IF YOU'RE NASTY.

BUT BE WARNED, CUTIE: I *TRIED* NASTY. IT DIDN'T TAKE.

"I HAVEN'T SEEN SOMEONE WORK A ROOM LIKE THAT SINCE *BRUCE FLIPPIN' WAYNE.*"

MY NAME IS BILLY WOLFMAN, WE MET AT WHATEVER COLLEGE YOU WENT TO.

WE USED TO HAVE GOOD OLD TIMES. THE BEST.

YEAH... THE *BEST*...

SO WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU KEEP YOUR *COLLECTION*...

FSSSS

"SO, I JUST MADE LIKE GOTHAM AND RAINED ON THE PARTY."

FSSSSSS

DON'T WORRY, KIDDOS, IT'S *NON-LETHAL!*

AND THAT'S WHERE I KEEP IT, BILLY, MY OLDEST AND DEAREST FRIEND. SAFE AND SOUND JUST TWO FLOORS DOWN.

GOOD JOB ON THE LOCATION, CUTIE! TIME TO WRAP UP THE BEAUTIFUL BROMANCE!

WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

IT WAS ON THE TABLE I WAS DANCING ON! C'MON!

YOU KNOW, I'M STARTING TO THINK YOU'RE LEGITI-CRAZY.

YOU'RE *STARTIN'* TO THINK, DOUBLE-OH-LOSER? MAYBE *STOP THINKIN'* WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD AND GO ON INSTINCT.

TRUST ME, WHEN YOU'RE FACED WITH AN OUTLANDISH SCENARIO AND AN UNSTABLE PARTNER WHO'S JUST TOO DANG POSITIVE FOR YOUR RUSTY DEMEANOR, JUST ASK YOURSELF...

...WHAT WOULD *BATMAN* DO?!

I WAS PLANNING ON TAKING THE STAIRS, BUT I'LL ADMIT, THAT WAS PRETTY EFFICIENT.

Aw, SHUCKS. BUT AS MUCH AS I LIKE HEARIN' HOW MUCH SMARTER I AM THAN YOU...

...WE'VE STILL GOT THE ***SECURITY*** TO BEAT!

YOU COULDN'T HAVE ***WARNED ME*** ABOUT THE LASERS, HARLEY?!

"I DIDN'T WARN THE GUY 'CAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT 'EM. THOSE DEFENSES WERE A BIG FAT SURPRISE, AND NOT THE KIND I LIKE ON MY BIRTHDAY.

"IT WAS TOUCH AND GO THERE FOR A SECOND, BOYS.

"I ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D DIE BECAUSE AMANDA WALLER BLEW UP MY BRAIN FROM THE INSIDE. 'CHOPPED TO PIECES BY LASERS IN RED HOOK' WASN'T EVEN ON THE TOP TEN LIST!

"AND THAT'S WHEN ***HE*** CAME IN."

YOU'RE A GYMNAST, RIGHT?

IN ANOTHER LIFE.

WHAT A COINCIDENCE...

...ME, TOO.

ATTENTION, *MATRON.* I HAVE SECURED THE VAULT.

MATRON? THAT YOUR BOSS? SHE A *LADY* BOSS?

THE VERY BEST. AND THIS PLACE IS MY MISSION.

THE WHOLE PLACE, *huh?*

YEP.

SO IF *ONE* THING WERE TO GO MISSING...

NOT A CHANCE. BECAUSE I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT *ONE* THING WOULD GO MISSING...

...AND IT'S SOMETHING I CAN *NEVER* LET YOU HAVE.

YOU DON'T KNOW THE *FIRST THING* ABOUT THAT STUFF. YOU'VE PROBABLY NEVER EVEN *BEEN* TO GOTHAM.

I KNOW EVERY STREETLIGHT IN THE NARROWS, I LIVED THROUGH THE *JOKER'S ENDGAME.* DON'T TELL ME I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE JOKER.

'CEPT I'M *NOT HIM.* WE'RE *DONE.*

AND SOMEONE'S GOTTA CLEAN UP HIS MESS. SO NO ONE *ELSE* GETS HURT JUST SO *MISTA J* CAN HAVE A LAUGH.

I PROMISE YOU. ALL I WANNA DO IS *DESTROY* THIS THING.

NOT ALL *CLOWNS* GOTTA BE THE EVIL KIND.

"LOOK, YOU CAN SAY A LOT OF NOT-TOO-NICE THINGS ABOUT AGENT WHATEVER'S SKILLS AS A BURGLAR.

"BUT I GOTTA GIVE HIM THIS..."

"HE WAS A PHENOMENAL KISSER."

THANKS FOR THE DANCE, SWEETIE! SEE YA ON THE NEXT BIG EVENT TEAM-UP!

"A GREAT PARTY. A HANDSOME BOY. A WHIRLWIND ROMANCE.

"IF I'M REALLY BEING *HONEST* WITH MYSELF..."

...IT WAS THE SINGLE BEST DATE OF MY LIFE!

NOW, THE *SECOND*-BEST DATE WAS THAT TIME ME AND MISTA J--

SHUT. *UP.*

WHILE YOU'VE ALL BEEN RELIVING THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR, MY RING'S CRISIS NETWORK IS REACHING *DOUBLE DIGITS.*

I'M THE *GREEN LANTERN* OF *EARTH.* YOU WANT MY AGENT 37 STORY, FINE. BUT THEN I NEED TO *GO* DO MY *DAMN JOB.*

AGENT 37 IS A DANGEROUS ROGUE ELEMENT, MISTER BAZ. ANY CLUE YOU CAN GIVE ME TO HIS IDENTITY COULD SAVE *COUNTLESS* LIVES.

PLEASE. JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW.

...

WELL, I KNOW HE'D TELL ME I'M DOING THIS *ALL WRONG.*

NO MORE WARNINGS!

KRAGAK!

"PARADEMONS HAD BEEN DEPLOYING GLOBALLY EN MASSE FOR NEARLY A WEEK. NO SIGNS OF STOPPING.

"AND IT WAS MY SECOND WEEK ON THE JOB.

THE SUPERHERO
PENCILS & INKS BY JAVIER FERNANDEZ
COLORS BY CHRIS SOTOMAYOR

YOU--

--STAY--

--DOWN.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

"I WAS A LITTLE... STRESSED-OUT."

I THINK YOU MADE YOUR POINT.

"HE WAS THE *EXACT OPPOSITE.*"

GOT SOME STONES TO SNEAK UP ON A LANTERN, MYSTERY MAN.

I'M JUST IN AWE. "USE A GUN." WHY DID NO ONE ELSE EVER THINK OF THAT?

PLENTY DO. BUT I'VE GOT THE BADGE.

TECHNICALLY, YOU'VE GOT THE *LANTERN.*

WHATEVER.

YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING DOWN PARADEMONS ACROSS THE COUNTRY. YOUR RING HAS TO BE RUNNING LOW. I'M GUESSING THAT'S WHY YOU WENT OLD SCHOOL. RESPECT.

LISTEN, ***FACEMAN,*** THERE'S SOME APOKOLIPTIC TROUBLE BREWING, AND I GOT A FEELING YOU'RE NOT JUST A CONCERNED CITIZEN. WHAT'S YOUR PLAY HERE?

COME AND GET IT, MONSTER!

FOR NOW? HOW ABOUT *HELPING THE HELPLESS.*

MONSTER, EAT ME, ***I DARE YOU!*** MY OLD BONES WILL BREAK EVERY TOOTH IN YOUR HEAD!

DON'T WORRY, MA'AM.

NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT.

WUMPH

HEY, *BIG HERO.* I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING IN THE OATH ABOUT A *BODY COUNT.*

THEY'RE *PARADEMONS.* I'VE SEEN SUPERMAN MOW THEM DOWN BY THE *THOUSANDS.*

MAYBE IN A *WAR ZONE.* WHICH THIS *ISN'T.*

YOU'RE WRONG, STRANGER. I'VE BEEN AWAKE FOR FIFTY-THREE HOURS. FLOWN FROM GOTHAM TO COAST CITY.

ONE AFTER *ANOTHER* AFTER *ANOTHER.* FOR EVERY *FREAK* I PUT DOWN, ANOTHER POPS UP. WHATEVER THEY'RE PLANNING, IT'S *BIG.*

EVERYONE ELSE IS OFF-PLANET-- IT'S LIKE APOKOLIPS *KNEW* I'D BE THE ONLY LANTERN LEFT TO PROTECT EARTH.

BUT YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY *HERO.* AND THIS ISN'T THE ONLY WAY.

Um, MISTER SUPER GUYS? THE FROG THING... IT'S GETTING AWAY?

AH *MAN.* I'VE BEEN LECTURED BY THE *BEST,* AND EVEN *THEY* DON'T LET THE MONSTER GET AWAY.

ANY OF THOSE HAPPEN TO BE A *GROUCHY DETECTIVE* WITH *CUTE LITTLE EARS?*

MAYBE.

WONDER WHAT HE WOULD MAKE OF A DEMON THAT *RUNS AWAY?*

HE WOULD WONDER *WHERE IT'S GOING.*

NOW *THAT'S* A QUESTION WORTH ASKING.

KRASSHHH

THE GREEN BURNING! IT FINDS US!

PANIC NOT! INTO THE TUBE, WORMS. WE SHALL FIND *OTHER MEATS* FOR *GREAT DARKSEID!*

SEE...

...*THIS* IS WHY WE LET THEM RUN.

BOOMTUBES! NO WONDER THEY WERE MOVING SO FAST!

TAKE IT FROM SOMEONE WHO'S HEARD THE SAME LECTURES.

"TO PROTECT THE PLANET, YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT THE CITIES. TO THINK GLOBAL, YOU'VE GOT TO THINK LOCAL."

FILE THAT UNDER "SONGS I'VE HEARD."

THEN *LIVE IT.* WHEN YOU'RE RUN RAGGED PUTTING OUT FIRES?

YOUR HEAD WILL BE *MINE!*

THUNK

HRK

WHEN THERE'RE TOO MANY TO SAVE, TOO MUCH SCREAMING.

YOUR-- I SAID, *YOUR--*

--STOP LEAPING!

STOP LOOKING AT THE SMOKE.

AND FOCUS ON THE *FLAME.*

THWAK

YOU KNOW, THAT WAS A *FURY.* ONE OF DARKSEID'S ELITE.

WAS SHE? DIDN'T NOTICE.

I *DID* SEE YOU TAKE SIX PARADEMONS DOWN. *WITHOUT* YOUR GLOCK.

I ONLY USE THE GUN WHEN I NEED *BACKUP.*

BUT WITH *YOU* AT MY BACK...

CLK

SWSH

LOOK, I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR *NAME,* BUT MOST LANTERNS HAVE A *PARTNER.* I WAS THINKING, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE AROUND...

NOPE, YOU'RE GONE.

AAAAND YOU TOOK THE *FATHER BOX.*

WHICH IS WHAT YOU PROBABLY *CAME FOR* TO BEGIN WITH.

RING, DELETE THIS FROM THE RECORDS.

THIS CAN BE ONE OF THOSE *SECRET ADVENTURES* THAT NO ONE EVER NEEDS TO HEAR.

"HE WAS A TRICKSTER, A THIEF, AND HE DIDN'T KNOW WHEN TO SHUT UP.

"BUT HE WAS STILL A BETTER HERO THAN ME, EVEN WITHOUT A RING."

CHARMER.

SAVIOR.

GYMNAST.

SUPERHERO.

IN POLICING, THESE ARE WHAT WE CALL ***IDENTIFYING FEATURES.*** THEY TELL US EVERYTHING WE NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE MAN BEHIND THE SPIRAL, IF ONLY WE DARE TO LOOK.

AGENT 37 MAY BE A MAN WITHOUT A ***FACE***, BUT HE IS NOT WITHOUT A ***PERSONALITY.*** HE KNEW EACH OF YOU ENOUGH TO INTERACT WITH YOU.

I THINK THAT BEHIND THAT FORGOTTEN VISAGE IS A MAN YOU ALL ***KNOW.*** ONE WE CAN IDENTIFY...

...IF ONLY WE DARE TO ASK THE ***QUESTION.***

WHO IS AGENT 37?

DICK GRAYSON.

DICK GRAYSON.

DICK GRAYSON!

SORRY, WHO?

BINGO.

NICE TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN.

I *KNEW* IT.

ALMANQIDH MAJHULI ALHUIA.

OH MY GOSH! I KISSED A G-G-G-GHOST!

OKAY, RING, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?

CALM IT, GUYS. CALL OFF THE BACKUP, SIMON.

I'LL TRADE YOU A *DISARM* FOR AN *EXPLANATION.*

SURE. GOOD TRADE. JUST SIT DOWN.

I DIDN'T DIE WHEN THE CRIME SYNDICATE UNMASKED ME AS *NIGHTWING.* I'VE BEEN WORKING AS A *SUPER-SPY.*

THE REASON YOU CAN'T REMEMBER MY FACE? THE *HYPNOS.*

LIKE I TOLD JOHN BACK IN ENGLAND, THEY'RE IN MY BLOOD. BUT THEY'RE ALSO ON MY *SKIN.* ON MY *HANDS.*

SEE, I KNEW IF YOU THOUGHT ON IT HARD ENOUGH--ANY OF YOU--YOU COULD FIGURE OUT IT WAS *MY FACE* BEHIND THE SPIRAL.

WHICH WOULDN'T JUST AFFECT ME. IT'D ENDANGER PEOPLE I CARE FOR. IT WOULD ENDANGER *BATMAN.*

SO, I BROUGHT YOU HERE. HAD YOU TELL YOUR STORIES. AND WHILE YOUR MINDS DID THE WORK DRUDGING UP THE MEMORIES...

"THE HYPNOS WENT TO WORK ON US."

"DON'T WORRY. IT'S NOT PERMANENT.

"YOU'RE EACH INFECTED JUST ENOUGH TO GET WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...

"...DONE."

YOU PUT ROBOTS IN MY BLOOD? ON THE *SECOND DATE?!*

THE LUNATIC SPEAKS THE TRUTH.

AND NOW WHAT? *"HELIOS?"* YOU PLANNING ON BURNING US ALIVE, DICK GRAYSON?

NO. I HAVE ANOTHER WORD IN MIND.

I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS. I WISH THERE WERE ANOTHER WAY. I HAD FUN ON THOSE ADVENTURES...

...BUT I *CAN'T* LEAVE A TRACE.

TSUCHIGUMO.

"IT'S *DONE*, MATRON."

THEIR MEMORIES OF AGENT 37 ARE GONE. NOT JUST THE EVENTS IN THAT ROOM, BUT EVERYTHING THEY MIGHT HAVE REMEMBERED.

EXCELLENT WORK. I KNOW THAT CAN'T HAVE BEEN EASY FOR YOU.

I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE IN A ROOM FULL OF ***SUPERHEROES.*** TO BE COUNTED AS PART OF THAT COMMUNITY, SURROUNDED BY ***FRIENDS.***

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. "THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS ***FRIENDS*** IN THE SPY GAME, GRAYSON."

THAT'S NOT WHAT I WAS THINKING AT ALL.

NO?

NO, DICK.

I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE WE DID A ***MISSION.*** JUST THE TWO OF US. LISTENING TO ALL OF THOSE STORIES...

HELENA BERTINELLI. ARE YOU ***ADVENTURE JEALOUS?***

NEVER. MAYBE A LITTLE.

THEN YOU'RE IN LUCK. THIS IS ***GOTHAM CITY.*** THIS PLACE IS PRACTICALLY ***BUILT*** ON ADVENTURE.

LET'S GO FIND THE NEXT ONE TOGETHER.

THE END

WHO'S STOLEN THE MANTLE OF ORACLE?

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#1

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- ■ JUSTICE LEAGUE: REBIRTH #1
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- ■ WONDER WOMAN #2

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